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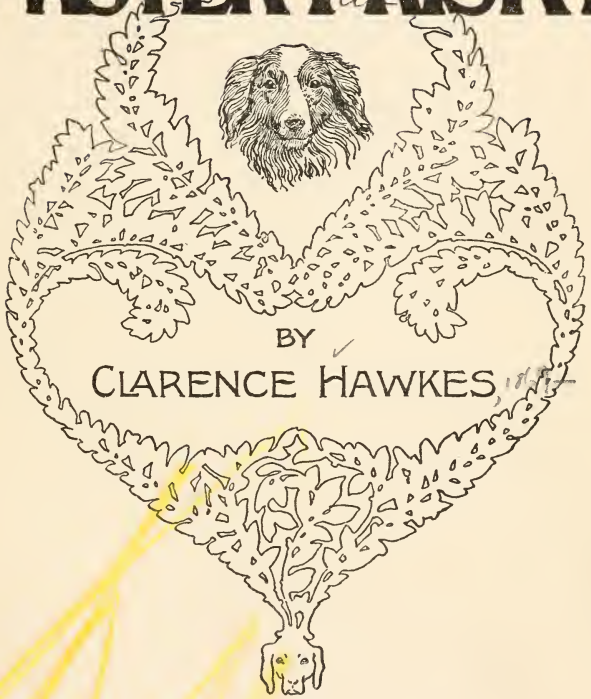

BY

CLARENCE HAWKES

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MASTER FRISKY.

CHAPTER I.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH MASTER FRISKY.

THE story of my first meeting with Master Frisky is quite a long one; but I will tell it as briefly as possible, and then when we have once become acquainted with my little friend, we will come to some of the more interesting stories.

I was on a carriage drive among the beautiful Hampton Hills; it was June, and all the world was singing, — the birds, the brooks, and the locusts. Even the hills sang softly to themselves, but their song was so low and so tender that it was not heard by the average listener. Dame Nature, dressed in her most beautiful gown, was holding her annual carnival of beauty; and as the carriage rolled along the fair roadway, I thought how beautiful the old earth is this morning, and how grand a thing it is to live.

I was going with a friend to visit the As-

phodel kennels, where many kinds of dogs were kept. Presently, as we rounded a bend in the road, we came in full sight of the home of the dogs; and what a chorus of barking there was, ringing all the way from the deep bay of the great Dane, to the sharp cry of a basket beagle, no larger than a cat.

Many of the dogs were loose, and the younger ones came frolicking about us; but the old ones were more dignified, and stood at a distance, wagging their tails sedately. I had never seen so many dogs all at one time before, and they made a fine show. There were tall Siberian bloodhounds, with beautiful tawny coats; sleek greyhounds, lithe and graceful as the willow. There were fine Saint Bernards, whose ancestors had rescued many a snow-bound traveler in the Alps; queer German dachshunds, terriers, bull-dogs, spaniels, pointers, setters, and scores of others.

The most interesting of all to me was a fine strain of Scotch collies that had been brought from Scotland many years ago from the kennels of a nobleman. These dogs were quick of intelligence, strong and active, and the handsomest creatures that I had ever seen.

They were either red or walnut sable and white with darker markings; most of them had a white stripe on the nose, while a few had a perfect white collar clear around the neck. The owner of the kennels was very proud of these dogs, as well he might be.

I had been thinking for some time of getting a dog, and when I saw these beautiful collies my mind was quite made up. "I must have one of these," I said; and I stooped to stroke the head of an old dog that had come up to make my acquaintance. At the precise moment when I stooped, I felt something soft and moist upon my cheek, and turning my head, saw a collie pup about three months old, standing on his hind legs in the very act of kissing me; one paw rested upon my shoulder, and the other was extended beseechingly. "You little beauty," I said, and the puppy laughed all over his expressive face, and then not certain but that he had done wrong in making so free with me, at once looked as sober as a lazy boy on examination day. "It's all right," I said, patting his head, "you are a good little doggie;" and as though he understood perfectly and was glad that he had pleased me, he licked my hand.

Of all the collies in the kennels, this new-found friend was the handsomest. He was a rich walnut sable with white markings trimmed with very dark sable to better show the white and red. He had a perfect shirt bosom, two white cuffs on his forepaws, white tips to his hind paws, and a white tip to his tail.

I sat down upon the piazza to talk over the good points about several of the collies; and my little friend came and crawled under my arm and nestled close to me, putting his paw con-

fidently in my hand and licking it repeatedly, saying as plainly as he could in dog language, "I want to be your doggie; please buy me; I will be good, please get me."

If I went to pet any of the other dogs, this persistent little collie would push in between and try to attract attention. "I believe I will take this dog," I said; and as though he at once took possession of me, the little fellow jumped up into my lap, wagging his tail, and grinning from ear to ear.

I paid the price of the collie pup, and found myself the owner of this wriggling, squirming bit of a dog. When I lifted him into the carriage, he trembled and looked very scared; but I patted his head and reassured him, and he soon became quiet. He had never been up so high, though, before, and was frightened when he looked over the side of the carriage, which he kept doing. Finally he cuddled down under my leg and went to sleep, and did not wake up until I lifted him out, and placed him upon the doorsteps safe at home.

CHAPTER II.

BEING A PUPPY.

I SUPPOSE a puppy must live in much such a strange and wonderful world as children do. Certainly Master Frisky's world was full of wonders; many of them he inquired into, and quite frequently to his sorrow.

But I must first tell you about naming him; for a long time we could not find a name that fitted him. All of the ordinary dog names that we tried were either too large, too small, or too dignified for him. So for a long time he was Jack one day, and Ned the next, and still something else the third, until at last he got so that he would answer to almost any name. "This will never do," I said; "we must have a name for him at once."

The next morning I was sitting in my study, not reading, but watching the pranks of my puppy who was chasing a grasshopper. "How he does frisk about!" said a friend, watching the fun over my shoulder. "Why not call him Frisky?" he asked; and the name stuck. Finally, when he got older and more dignified, a master was added when he was uncommonly clever.

Master Frisky's first adventure, which was not a serious one, came the morning after I arrived home with him; and from that day on I was never quite certain what he would do next. He had gone with me to the barn, and while I was watering the horses, he was lying on the floor trying to catch a sunbeam; of a sudden I heard a few sharp barks, and then a most pitiful yelping.

I rushed to the scene of the disturbance, and found poor Frisky up in one corner of the barn, and our old white gander, Ginger, before him, pounding him fiercely with his wings. I drove Ginger away, and Master Frisky ran between my legs for protection. This was but one of many similar plights from which I rescued this curious pup.

He would get his nose pecked for poking into the hencoop to see the chickens; the cat would scratch him when he got too free with her kittens; and often he would come scurrying into the yard with his tail between his legs, and a large dog in hot pursuit.

For recreation he worried the cat, chased the kittens when the mother was not around, barked at the rooster, hunted grasshoppers, dug holes in the flower-beds, and hid bones under the lounge. Things that a well-behaved dog should do were never thought of by him, but his capers and tricks would fill a large book.

One morning, about a week after my first acquaintance with Master Frisky, I heard a

great commotion in the front yard; and on going to the door, I found one of my neighbors, Mrs. Maloney by name, gesturing wildly with the poker, while my small dog was standing at a respectful distance, barking.

"The little haythen," said Mrs. Maloney, as soon as she saw me, "he stole me beefsteak, — grabbed the entire lot from the oven when me back was turned."

"Where is it now?" I asked.

"The little baste has hid it, and I can't find it at all, at all."

Master Frisky stood with drooping head and tail, looking every inch a culprit. "Bad dog," I said in my sternest tones. He at once lay down upon the ground, and turning upon his back held up his front paws in such a beseeching manner, that I laughed in spite of myself, at which he immediately got up and began crawling toward me in a humble and sorrowful attitude.

"It ain't the first time that the little scamp has been thaving. It was only yisterday that he stole a piece of mince-pie out of me oven, — took it out so slick that I thought it was me bye, Patsy, and a good slap I gave him; and I never would have known to this day, had I not seen the crumbs on his sassy little mug, and himself a-lying behint the stove a-making belave slape," said Mrs. Maloney. I paid for the meat, and promised to keep a sharp eye on my naughty dog.

One of Master Frisky's most harmless and amusing puppy pranks was to tease the cat. He never was rough with her, or I would have interfered. At first he would merely stand perfectly still in front of the cat and look at her. For two minutes at a time he would stand so, not moving a muscle, but just grinning.

After a while she would move to another part of the room; but Frisky would follow, and take up his position as before. When this sport got tame he would open his mouth very wide, and make believe swallow the cat's head, but never did he offer to bite.

Then, of a sudden, he would rear upon his hind legs and come down astride the cat with his mouth wide open, and almost shut his jaws upon her. It was lucky for him in those puppy days that the cat was long-suffering, or he would have had many a severe lesson.

CHAPTER III.

THE SAD STORY OF THE PEEP.

It was still the middle of February, and as yet there was little indication of spring. The snow lay deep upon the ground, the eaves rarely dripped by day, and the nights were cold and crisp.

As soon as the sun went down and it began to grow dusk, the North Wind would come driving his white-maned horses over the snow at a gallop; and sometimes, when he got to driving too recklessly, you would hear his steeds come bang against the side of the house.

Under the snow, the Daffy-down-dillies were sleeping soundly; or perhaps they dreamed occasionally of spring. So cold it was, and so wintry, that you may imagine my astonishment, on going to the barn one morning, to find Old Speck setting.

"Why, you foolish old hen," I said, "you don't want any chickens this time of the year; they would all freeze to death." I put my hand down to push her off the nest; but she pecked savagely at me, and said "Curr, curr," which means in her language, "Go away, I want to set, I want some chickens."

So I let her stay on the nest, thinking, as it was so cold, that she would soon get tired of trying to set. But every morning when I went to the barn, I found her on the nest. At last, like Old Speck, I, too, began to long for some chickens. How cheerful it would sound to hear them peeping.

So, finally, I fixed her a warm nest in the hay-mow, and put thirteen eggs under her and waited. But how long those three weeks seemed! Each day when I went up-stairs to feed and water the hen, Master Frisky would go too, and stand watching her through the slats of the box, while she ate. I said "Chickens" to him, and he wagged his tail, and seemed to understand.

At last the longed-for day came; and Old Speck, with much clucking and scolding, came off with just one chicken. But what a cute little fellow he was, as black as a coal, and as lively as a grasshopper. I held him in my hand, and let Master Frisky look at him; and he laughed and wagged his tail, and gave three or four glad barks.

Old Speck scratched around as hard in the straw for this one chicken as she would have done for a dozen; and how this little bit of black down would peep. When he was nestled under his mother's wings, his peep was soft and contented; but when running about the box, it was shrill and loud; and if you had not seen him, you would have thought that there were a dozen chickens instead of one.

At first he was but a ball of fuzz; but after about a week, the tiniest feathers began to show at the tips of his wings; and by the third week he had quite a growth of them.

He did not eat much at first; but Old Speck broke up bits of the egg-shell, and he swallowed those; and that gave him a chance to grind the other things that he soon learned to eat. When I would bring him out a soaked cracker, his mother would say, "Break, break, break." This meant breakfast; and he would first peep out from under her wing, and then come scampering out and peck at the cracker with the cutest little yellow bill.

When he had finished his breakfast, you could hardly see that the cracker had been touched; but he was a very little chicken, and it was all he wanted. Then he would go up to the water, and, standing on the edge of a box-cover that I had filled, dip his bill in, pausing each time to give thanks as his mother did.

It was a new and strange world into which this young chick had just pecked his way; and he felt very important of his conquest of that tough egg-shell, and proud of himself as well. His bright eyes saw everything, and his quick little feet were eager to carry him to all parts of the world.

At present his world was a box about three feet square and two high. It seemed a very large place to the young chick, who was so small, that when his mother scratched in the

straw, she would occasionally cover him entirely up, and then there would be such a peeping and scratching until he had uncovered himself again and saw daylight.

It was not long before he had peeped into all the corners of the box, and explored all the holes in the straw; so then he began looking through the slats on the box, and wondering what was on the outside. At this Old Speck clucked sternly, and told him not to venture outside, for it was very dangerous. But the next day, when his mother was scratching for him in the loose dirt, he slipped through the slats, but was terribly frightened to see a large, strange thing crouching on the hay watching him.

"Peep, peep," he said, "I am so frightened." Old Speck ran quickly, and beat against the side of the box, and made a great noise with her wings, so that the cat did not dare come near; and the poor little chicken scrambled back into the box as soon as he could. He hid under his mother's wing, and was so frightened that he did not dare look out, for fear that he would see those two terrible eyes.

All the next day he was very good, staying close to his mother, and coming quickly when she called. That night they heard a strange nibbling noise at one end of the box; they listened for a long time, and finally it ceased. Old Speck told the chick that it was a wicked rat, who was an old enemy of theirs, and that they must be careful.

During the days that followed it was very cold and the wind howled. Old Speck and the chick kept quiet; and the wise old hen told him of the outside world into which they should soon go, and of its many dangers and deceits, all of which should have terrified so young a chicken, and made him keep close to his mother.

But this one was not terrified, and he longed for the time when they should go forth from the box and see all these strange and terrible things about which his mother had been telling him.

He did not think that Red Tail, the hawk, could get him, — not if he saw him coming; and he would always know when Whiteplume was about by the smell. He would keep his eye out for Sly-boy, whom his mother described as so terrible. The rats and the cats had not got him yet, and he did not believe that they could.

And as for Lord Reynard, who lived in the woods beyond the meadow, and who had carried his great-grandfather off one night, notwithstanding that he was a large rooster — well, that was a long time ago, and such things did not happen now; anyhow, Lord Reynard would not want a small chicken, and when he got larger he would look out for him.

At last the longed-for day came. It was about the first of April: the winds were still cold, but the snow was all gone, and there was a touch of green on the lawns along the sunny south sides. Dandelion had not yet lifted up

his golden head; but he was restless, and his leaves had put on a pale green.

I knocked off one of the boards of the box, and forth came Old Speck, clucking and bristling, closely followed by the black chicken. About the lawn they went, "Cluck, cluck, cluck; peep, peep, peep." I never have seen a chicken before or since that could peep like this little black bunch of feathers. His note was as loud and as clear as a canary's, and as persistent as it was delightful. "Spring, spring, spring," he seemed to be saying; "Spring, spring, spring," from morning until night.

"What, have you got chickens?" asked a neighbor. "Yes, one," I said. "One, I should think that there were twenty," said the friend. So we named him the Peep, and took this bold little chick to our hearts, and he became as one of the family.

Many were the adventures that befell him, and many a time Old Speck's courage and wisdom saved him from destruction. Once Red Tail bore down upon them when they were far from cover, and Old Speck beat at him furiously with her wings, and for a moment kept him at a distance. But, fortunately for them both, Master Frisky happened to hear the noise and came running, barking so fiercely that the terrible hawk flew away. Master Frisky had a great liking for the Peep from the first, and if he saw the cat looking longingly at him, he would chase the cat under the barn or up a tree.

Sir Cock-a-doodle, too, took a shine to the precocious youngster; and he took it upon himself to keep the hens from pecking it, which was quite a condescension on his part.

When it was time to go to roost, the Peep would get upon his mother's back, and then she would fly upon a low roost, and from that to a higher one. When they were safe upon the roost, the Peep would wiggle down from her back, and then walk carefully along to Sir Cock-a-doodle, and adroitly slip between his legs, and there he would stand upon the perch all night.

It was a comical and amusing picture, — the great white rooster, tall and dignified, and the bit of a chicken, that came barely up to his spurs, standing between his legs; and when once safely settled for the night, the Peep would swell up and try to look like Sir Cock-a-doodle. He seemed to say, "Don't you see us, Sir Cock-a-doodle and I? We are the guardians of the roost."

It is hard to conjecture what this young chicken might have become, or what he might have accomplished, had it not been for a most lamentable "if."

One morning he was standing upon the perch between the legs of his protector as usual. It was not yet light, but his bright eyes were wide open. He could hear the hens and Sir Cock-a-doodle breathing peacefully, and through the window he could see the pale morning stars.

How still it was, and how strange! Presently he began studying a certain hole in one corner of the henhouse. He had often wondered what was in it; but his mother had told him that it was a very dangerous hole, and that he must keep away from it.

Here was an adventure; he would explore the hole this morning, before any of the hen family were awake; so down he slipped from the roost, and started toward the hole. But when he got to the corner he stopped; something seemed to say, "Go back, go back," and then he heard a little noise. What could it be? He must see what that noise was, so into the hole he slipped. How dark it was, and how frightful and cold. He would go back at once, but which was the way? Instead of looking back into the comfortable henhouse, he was looking directly into the beady, wicked eyes of Charkey Nibbler.

About him, on every side, were a half dozen wicked looking rats. He tried to peep, but his voice, that was usually so loud and shrill, was a mere squeak; and then the rats came closer, and he could feel their hot breath and see their white cruel teeth. And then he found his voice: "Peep, peep," he cried: "Sir Cock-a-doodle, Sir Cock-a-doodle, save me."

With a loud note of alarm, Sir Cock-a-doodle came down from the roost, followed by all the hens. Old Speck scratched at the hole frantically, while Sir Cock-a-doodle beat his strong

wings against the boards with a great noise, but all to no purpose. They all knew too well the meaning of those pathetic peeps that grew fainter and fainter, until all was still.

When I arrived at the henhouse, the commotion had stopped, and many of the hens had gone back to the roost; but Sir Cock-a-doodle and Old Speck still stood in the corner. When by the light of my lantern I discovered a few small black feathers and a drop of blood upon the dirt, I did not need to search further; the sad end of the Peep was only too apparent.

I filled the hole with dirt, and went sorrowfully back to bed, thinking how we should miss his shrill peeping on the morrow. "How lonely it is without him!" said Old Speck to Sir Cock-a-doodle, the next night upon the roost.

"Did you notice how my voice broke to-day?" returned that worthy. "I could scarcely crow; he was a chicken after my own heart, and would have made a fine cock; but alas, the good die young."

CHAPTER IV.

HOW MASTER FRISKY SAVED OLD FAN.

FAN was our sober, steady-going old horse; and being of so sedate a turn of mind, she had little liking for Master Frisky, who was full of pranks and capers. At night he occupied the empty stall next to her; and many were the disputes that they had about their speed, Master Frisky claiming that he could go faster than Fan, which greatly angered the horse.

"If I was a dog," old Fan would say with a scornful snort, "I would not always have my tail full of burrs; see my coat, how shiny it is."

"That is no credit to you," Frisky would reply; "it is because our master is always scraping and brushing you. If I was a horse I wouldn't always be hitched up by the head, and have to stand one way."

"That is better than running away as you do," old Fan would retort.

When Master Frisky felt mischievously inclined, he would circle about Fan, teasing and barking in a manner that greatly irritated and disturbed her. During one of these pranks

she brought her hoof squarely down upon his paw. It was badly crushed, and it was many a day before its owner could touch it to the ground.

A comical picture he made going about on three legs, and holding up his paw for sympathy and inspection. After that he did not bother the horse any more, but they were no better friends for the occurrence.

One night old Fan came in late from a long hard drive; and after rubbing her down and giving her a good feed, I went to bed. She was feeling quite cross from her long day's work, and paid little attention to Master Frisky's inquiry as to where we had been. Finally she lay down and went to sleep; and Frisky, seeing that no more conversation was to be had with her, did the same.

He had been sleeping but a short time, when he was awakened by a strange noise. At first he thought it must be a bear; although, as he had never heard one except in his dreams, of course he was not sure, but when he got fairly waked up, he discovered that it came from old Fan's stall.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, I am cast, and the halter is choking me to death," groaned Fan. "Call master, that's a good dog, quick." Master Frisky thought of his broken paw, and at first did not; but seeing that the horse was in real distress, he barked loud and imperatively, a note that I

well knew, but I was fast asleep and did not hear.

"Oh, oh! I am strangling, I shall die," groaned Fan. At this, Master Frisky barked fiercer than before, but no master came. "Can't you help me?" groaned the poor horse.

"I would if I could," said Frisky, as he felt real frightened about Fan, for they were not really as bad friends as they had made believe.

Then a bright idea came to Frisky

"I might gnaw the rope," he said.

"Do," groaned the choking horse.

"But you might kick me; you said you would if I came near you."

"Oh, no, I won't," said Fan; "do help me."

"You broke my paw," said Master Frisky, doubtfully.

"I didn't mean to," said Fan; "and I will never step on you again."

Then Master Frisky climbed over the prostrate horse, and began at the rope. He had just sharpened his teeth that morning on a hard bone; and in a very few seconds the rope gave way, and the frightened and half-strangled horse scrambled to her feet.

"I think you saved my life," she said to Frisky, as soon as she could speak.

"I am very glad I thought to gnaw the rope," he replied.

"Thank you ever so much," said Fan; "let's be better friends; we ought to, you know, we sleep together."

"All right," said Frisky. "I am sorry I barked at you and made you nervous and I won't do it any more."

"I will not strike at you any more," said Fan; "let's rub noses." So they did, and then the new friends lay down and went to sleep.

CHAPTER V.

SOME LESSONS IN GOOD BEHAVIOR.

About a week after his stealing Mrs. Maloney's meat, Master Frisky's education began; for no dog, it matters not how well behaved he may be naturally, but is improved by a few lessons in good behavior.

The first step in the training of a dog is to teach him to mind the whistle. This is very important, for one can handle him so much easier if he will come when he is called.

I got a long, light cord, and tied one end in Master Frisky's collar, and the other I let him drag upon the ground, and together we went for a walk across the fields. He was all eagerness and excitement, for he thought I had come out to see him hunt grasshoppers; but that was not my intention.

When he had gotten real interested in following up a grasshopper, I whistled to him, at the same time taking hold of the loose end of the cord. He looked up, wagged his tail, and plainly said in dog language, "I had rather stay here," and began to look for the grasshopper again.

I gave a sharp pull at the cord. Frisky looked up very much astonished when it twitched on his collar; he had not imagined that my arm was so long. I whistled and pulled sharply again. This time there was no mistaking my meaning. I had a long arm indeed, and he at once ran to me and lay down in the grass.

A few repetitions of this object lesson and the point was gained. When master whistled, it meant "Come here;" and he would run quickly and stand very still while I patted his head and told him he was a good dog. The next morning I taught him to heel, which is almost as important an accomplishment for a dog about town as mind the whistle. This time I put a short cord on him; and instead of letting him drag it on the ground, I held the loose end in my hand.

When we started for the post-office, he bounded about me like a crazy dog, and wound the rope around my legs in a very unpleasant manner; but this was what I had expected. So I untangled the cord, and carrying a little stick in my hand, made him walk behind me, and whenever he got in front I hit him gently on the nose. At first this was a great hardship to have to walk behind, and not go racing about, looking into all the corners and getting into mischief. But he soon learned what I wanted; and then he would walk behind, looking as prompt and dignified as a dog could well look, and he seemed to say, "What a

well behaved dog I am!" and he would look scornfully at the puppies that were racing about bothering their masters.

After these two lessons I let his education go for a time, as I did not want to get too many things into his head at once. In due time I taught him, "Charge," which means lie down, and also "Bring," which is to carry things for his master. It was while I was teaching him "Bring," that a very queer thing happened.

I had been using the long cord and a stick in teaching him this. It was midsummer and very hot, and the lessons were rather hard; and I do not think that Master Frisky enjoyed them, for one morning when I went to get the cord, I found it gnawed in several places, and the stick was nowhere to be seen.

"The little rascal," I said, "it is his work;" and then I remembered that I had seen him burying something in the garden the day before, and so I got a hoe and went to look. I soon found a place where the dirt was fresh, and a few strokes of the hoe uncovered the Bring-stick.

I do not dare to say whether it was a puppy's instinct to carry things off and bury them that prompted Master Frisky to do this, or whether he had recognized the hateful Bring-stick, and thought that he would get rid of it by burying it. Of this I leave the reader to judge.

CHAPTER VI.

TONY.

Poor Tony was an orphan and all alone in the world, his mother having died the day that he was born; and as for his father, no one had ever even heard of him.

What could one do alone in the world, especially when one was only a bit of a black and tan terrier pup, and small enough to go into a teacup? Certainly it was an uneven battle; the great strange world on one side, and this bit of a dog on the other.

At present Tony was just nine days old, and he was lying in a basket trying to get his eyes open, they were stuck together so tight; and there were a great many strange noises, and he wanted to see what they all were; besides, it was so dark.

Presently he got one of them open a little and peeped out; but he could not see very well, the light blinded him so, and he only had one corner of an eye to see with. So he waited, and in the meantime took a nap.

When he woke up, the eye that had been partly open came wide open with a snap, and

the great world was before him. How the light blinded him! he was soon glad to shut this one eye and let it rest; but presently he opened it again, and looked around.

He was lying on some hay in a willow basket, and there was a dish of milk beside him; this must be what they had been feeding him with a spoon. So he went to the dish and drank till his sides stuck out, which made him look even more than ever like a ball.

He then looked up to the top of the basket. It was so high, he never would be able to get out of it, and would have to live in the basket all his life. When he looked up again he saw a strange face looking down at him. There were two big eyes, and lots of whiskers. It was stern Thomas, the family cat; but Tony did not know. He thought that it would be nice to make friends with the stranger, and so he tried to get up; but his legs were very wabbly, and as soon as he raised his nose, stern Thomas gave him a terrible box on the ear, and poor Tony thought that he was killed. So he lay very still; and after that whenever he saw Thomas looking into the basket he got as far away as possible, and he most certainly did not poke his nose up at him.

There were three things that Tony did during these puppy days. He ate, he slept, and he grew; but when his eyes got so that they were wide open all the time, and his stubby legs were no longer weak, these things would not do for

him. He was too big a dog to merely grow; he must find what was at the other end of his basket, and see, if he could, what was outside. So he would waddle up and down, smelling at all the corners, and sometimes making funny grunts and whines, which he thought were very fierce growls and barks. When he was tired of this he would roll and tumble about, biting with his toothless gums at the hay, or tearing the blanket that had been put in the basket to make it comfortable for him.

One day he stood upon his hind legs and reached up as far as he could with his fore paws, and to his great joy he got them over the top of the basket. Then he dug his toes into the sides of the basket, and tumbled head first upon the floor.

His nose got a hard bump in the fall, but he was out of that hateful basket, so he did not care; and soon he was having a fine time hopping around the shed, and smelling and lapping everything in sight. But this fun was of short duration; for suddenly there was a frightful spitting, and before he knew it Thomas, the old cat, was upon him, spitting in his face, and sticking such sharp needles into him that he yelped and yelped, and was too frightened to try to run. He just got as far into a corner as he could. The poor little puppy would have been badly clawed had not some one happened along and driven off hateful Thomas, and put him back into his basket.

After this experience he did not venture out again for two days; but by that time he had forgotten his severe lesson, and came forth again. This time he went straight for the woodshed door, and out on the lawn, where the grass was fresh and green. How cool it was, and what fun it was to play upon it. Here it was upon the lawn that Master Frisky and I first saw him. Frisky went up to him, and gave him a good dog kiss, and was very good to Tony; for he had never seen so small a dog, and he thought him very cute. Then Tony remembered about Thomas, and he told Master Frisky about the cat with needles in his paws; and Frisky said that he had better not touch him when he was around. Frisky stayed and played with Tony while I went to the post-office, and when I came back they were still rolling on the grass.

"Don't go away," said Tony with a funny little whine; "you are all the friend that I have in the world."

"But I must," said Frisky; "don't you see my master is a long way down the street, and I ought to be right by his side? I will come and see you again to-morrow." So he gave Tony another good dog kiss, and galloped after me.

Faithful to his promise, Master Frisky went to see Tony the next morning; and although it was early, he found Tony waiting for him at the corner of the house. At the sight of

Master Frisky, Tony came running to him with queer hops like a rabbit, and he expressed his joy with funny little barks.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you!" he said. "I was awful afraid that you would not come. I love you so much because you are good to me."

The two friends lay down on the grass and had a fine tumble. Tony growled and tried to bite; and Frisky made believe be afraid of him, which pleased Tony greatly.

When Thomas, the cat, came out and growled at them, Frisky chased him up a tree, and Tony's joy was complete.

"I wish you could stay with me all the time," he said; "they are so bad to me when you are not here. Thomas claws me, the rooster pecks me, and Captain Strutt, the gobbler, beats me with his wings; and even my little master, Robbie, hurts me awfully sometimes."

"I should think he would be ashamed to hurt such a cute little dog as you are," said Frisky. "What does he do?"

"He pulls my ears, and ties things to my tail; and yesterday he sat on me, and most broke my back."

"It's too bad," said Frisky sympathetically. "I wish you could come and live with me. But you be brave, and every day you will grow a little; and when you get to be big like me, they will not dare to hurt you."

Frisky stayed until nearly noon playing with poor Tony, and it was the pleasantest half-day that the little fellow had ever known.

Always after that when we went to the post-office, we were sure to see Tony standing at the corner of the house watching for us; and although Frisky's calls were the pleasantest hours that he knew, his troubles grew rather than got less.

"They are so cruel to me," he said to Frisky one day, "I believe I shall drown myself."

"Don't do that," said Frisky; "things will get better pretty quick, and I should miss you so much."

One morning Tony awoke early, and climbing out of his basket went to the shed door and looked out. It was still dark, and the stars were shining.

He was so lonesome, and tired, and cold. He would give a great deal to see Frisky, even for a minute, and tell him all his troubles. How nice it would be to have some one to pat him on the head, and tell him that he was a good dog, as Frisky's master always did when he came along. If he only had some one to love him like that. A big tear rolled down his cheek, and fell upon the floor, and he gave a pathetic little whine.

Down from the door-step he hopped, and around the shed to the barn. There was the horse-pond, dark and cold, but it could not be worse than his lot.

He put one paw into the water; it was so cold that it made him shiver and whine. If Frisky only would come along. Then he put both paws into the water, and waded in up to his knees. It was so icy that he trembled, and stopped to consider. Here was the cold pond, and there was Thomas with his sharp claws, the gobbler, and his cruel young master. A tear rolled down each cheek and splashed into the pond. The water was indeed cold; but this great hard world that cared so little for a small dog was colder, and he took a few more steps.

"Good-by, Frisky," he said; "you are the only one that was ever good to me, and I love you so much." Then there was a plunge and a splash, a few bubbles, and a very small dog had gone where the cat, the gobbler, and his thoughtless young master could no longer torment him.

The next morning when Robbie awoke and went to look for Tony in his basket, he was not there; and a few minutes later he found his limp little doggie in the horse-pond back of the barn.

He was very much astonished, and his heart was nearly broken; for, like most of us, he had been thoughtless rather than cruel; and he had not imagined how much he hurt little Tony.

"O mamma!" he sobbed, "he is dead, and I can't ever have him any more. Yesterday I was awful naughty to him, and pulled his tail

to make him yelp, and now he can't ever forgive me. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

At this mamma looked very grave, and took Robbie in her lap and said, "I did not know that you were cruel to Tony, or you should not have had him to play with. It is very wicked for us to hurt the dumb creatures that God has given us to care for, and you did wrong. Tony can never run and bark, or play with you again; but let it be a lesson to you, always to be kind to your pets."

CHAPTER VII.

A DOG TOWN.

In every town where people dwell there is also a dog town. This I learned partly from observing Master Frisky and his friends, and part of it Frisky told me after I learned to understand dog language.

Of course, this town is not as large as that of the people, because every house does not have a dog; and few have more than one, while there are several folks. But the dog town is very important.

The oldest and wisest of the dogs is chosen as a judge or governor; and he has several assistants who help keep order and settle disputes, when there are any, which is not often, for they are generally more peaceable than people.

The choosing of these officers occurs about twice a year; but when a dog is very popular, he is often continued in office for a long time.

The first I noticed of this, was that every morning about seven o'clock Ned would come trotting from house to house. He usually ran into the front yard, and gave one short, sharp bark. At this signal, no matter where he was,

if in hearing, Master Frisky would run out to meet him.

They would rub noses; and after standing together for a minute, Ned would trot off to the next house, and so on, until he had made the rounds of the village. No matter how pressing the invitation, he would never loiter on any of these morning rounds, after which he always went directly to the meeting-house shed, which served as a town hall for the dogs, where he would report to the older ones. Ned was a sort of sentinel; and if there was anything out of the ordinary, he always reported to his superiors.

The coming of a litter of puppies was always hailed with great joy; and the proud mother was visited in the afternoon by the judge, when any such event was reported in the morning by the sentinel.

If there had been fighting among the younger dogs during the day, it was reported, and the culprits engaged were reprimanded by those in authority.

Sentinel was the first office that Master Frisky ever filled; and the first morning he played truant, and was severely punished for his negligence by Major Snow, who was then judge of dog town.

Major was a large Newfoundland, and very wise.

Each dog takes the name of his master for his last name; and then, if there are two with the same first name, they do not get mixed up.

Another favorite meeting-place of the dogs is back of Mr. Brown's barn. Here the older ones make laws, and decide upon the management of the town, while the youngsters play tag upon the smooth meadows.

I have often watched them through my telescope, while they deliberated; and their seriousness and dignity are most laughable, and at the same time, respectful.

I think that men could get many points for their political meetings from the dogs.

The worst punishment that is ever resorted to by these law-makers, is to cast a dog out of town, and allow no one to speak to him, or have anything to do with him.

This is very seldom done. I can remember of but one case, and in that instance the dog died of a broken heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GROWL-BOX.

My friend, the great organist, was to play in the city; and as I had not heard him for some time, of course I must go. So when the appointed night came, I shut Master Frisky securely, as I thought, in the barn, and started for town.

It was a fine evening in early spring; and I walked slowly, enjoying the beauties of the fresh green earth as I went. A will-o'-the-wisp was dancing over the meadows, and a chorus of frogs was singing away with might and main, — the shrill piping of mother frog and the deep bass of father frog, with a host of aunts and cousins, all singing their merry spring song.

My thoughts were very pleasant; but they would have been entirely different, had I looked behind me and seen a naughty little dog following, stopping when I stopped, and going on when I did, and always keeping just out of sight.

I had no sooner left Master Frisky in the barn than he began wondering where his master

was going. Surely he was going somewhere, — the new coat and hat said as much, — but where? He had forgotten to take his doggie; he would watch and see; so he stood up on his hind legs and peeked out of the window. Master was going up the street, and that meant over to the city.

The window was low, so this naughty dog took hold of the sash with his teeth, and lifted it until he could get his paw under; then putting his nose under the window and raising it, he got upon the sill, holding the window upon his back, and giving a quick spring was on the ground while the window came down with a bang.

I had walked so slowly that I was late to the concert, so I took a back seat. I had barely got settled when I heard a familiar patter in the aisle; and to my great astonishment, Master Frisky trotted in, and lay down at my feet, and began licking my boots lest I should be angry with him, for he knew well that he had done wrong.

At first he paid little attention to the music, which was soft and far away; but as it grew louder, he pricked up his ears and looked excited, and when the climax was reached he jumped upon the seat beside me, and before I could possibly stop him, barked loud and fiercely.

I was terribly ashamed, for the people all turned and looked; so I took Master Frisky by

the collar, and with one hand over his nose that he might not bark again, I marched him out of the church.

On the steps I found a boy who for a quarter agreed to hold him until the concert was over. So I left him in his charge and went back to the music, feeling very mortified and guilty.

When the time came to go home, Master Frisky followed me sheepishly, trying occasionally to attract my attention and get me to forgive him. But, instead, when I got home I punished him severely, and put him to bed without patting his head as I usually did.

When he had been lying in his nest a few minutes, Dandy, our white cat, who thought everything of the dog, sprang down from the hay, and came and rubbed against him.

"I am sorry you got a licking," he said. "What makes you be a naughty dog and have to be punished?"

"I wasn't very bad," said Frisky; "a dog has to have some fun once in a while. But I have got a great secret to tell you."

"What is it?" asked Dandy, with interest.

"I went with master to-night to the city to a place where a wicked man has got a terrible growl-box."

Dandy's eyes opened wide with astonishment; and he asked, "What is a growl-box?"

"You lie down beside me, and get up very close so that I can whisper in your ear, and I will tell you all about it," said Frisky. "You

know our master went to the city to-night, and I followed him."

"What did you do that for?" asked Dandy; "it was naughty."

"Oh, no, it wasn't; I thought that he had forgotten me. Well, when we got there we went into a great big house as large as four barns like this one, where there were lots of people."

"How many?" asked Dandy.

"A million, I guess," said Frisky. "I found master right near the door, and went in and lay down beside him; but he didn't look glad to see his doggie. I hadn't but just got there, when there was the queerest noise a great ways off, and awful sad, like the noise the kittens made when Mr. Brown put them in the boiler, and killed them with some terrible smelling stuff. Then pretty quick it grew louder, and louder; and then there were terrible growls mixed in with it, awful growls, that made my hair stand up; the sounds were as loud as fifty bears. Then I peeked up over the top of the pen where master and I were, and I could see a man, a fierce-looking man with long hair, — I guess he was an Injun; he was sitting on a long bench, and kicking away under the growl-box; and every little while he would reach down and pull something, and then the growling would get louder and louder. But pretty soon the growls got so loud, and the long scarey meows so sad, that I barked right out

fierce. Then master grabbed me and carried me out, and he gripped my collar so tight that I thought I would die. He gave me to a horrid boy to hold, and went back into the large house. When he came out and started home he was very cross, and would not say anything to me."

"And when you got home he licked you," said Dandy.

"Yes," answered Frisky, "but I did not mind that, for I have found out about that growl-box."

"What do you think was in it?" asked Dandy.

"Dogs in one end, and cats in the other," replied Frisky promptly.

Dandy looked very much astonished. "And what was the man doing?" he asked.

"He was kicking at the dogs, and pulling the cats' tails; and all these folks were there hearing them growl and meow, and thinking it was funny."

"How dreadful!" said Dandy. "I do not believe our master knew what the man was doing, or he would have stopped him."

"Perhaps he didn't," said Frisky; "but I am sure that was what it was."

"Can't we do something to help them?" asked Dandy.

"That's what I have been thinking," said Frisky; "we might go over some night and let them all out, and then they could run home to their folks. I know the way."

"The very thing," said Dandy; "let's go to-morrow night."

"All right," said Frisky; "and we ought to go to bed right off, or we will be sleepy when the time comes."

The friends rubbed noses, and cuddling down together were soon fast asleep.

The next night I locked Frisky in the barn as usual; and at the same time Dandy went to the loft to hunt rats, as I thought, but my guess was far from the truth.

When the lights were all out in the house, Frisky opened the window, as he had done the night before, and he and Dandy started upon their errand of rescuing the poor dogs and cats from the growl-box.

It was Saturday night; and when they reached the church, the choir had just finished rehearsing, but Dandy caught a faint sound of his distressed brothers in the growl-box as he came near. They stayed in the shadow of the porch until the people were gone, and then quietly slipped in and hid in a pew just before the janitor shut up the church.

When it became quiet and the lights went out, the two friends walked carefully to the back of the church, Master Frisky leading the way; and soon they were standing by the great organ. "There," said Frisky triumphantly, "that is the growl-box."

Dandy sniffed cautiously about, and then said, "Let me speak to the cats;" and he

mewed twice softly, but there was no response.

"Let me call the dogs," said Frisky; and he growled deep, but there was still no answer.

"I am afraid we are too late," said Frisky mournfully; "I guess they are all dead."

They went all about the growl-box and examined it on every side, and finally Dandy found a small door at the back. "Here is the back door of the growl-box," he said; "you stay and watch, and I will go in to the poor cats."

So Master Frisky watched, and Dandy poked his way in. It was very dark and dusty, and he sighed as he thought of his friends in that musty place all their lives.

"It's an awful queer place," he called to Master Frisky; "I guess they" — but the rest of the sentence was drowned by a loud bang. The door by which Dandy had found his way into the growl-box had blown together, and had shut with a spring lock, not to open until the key had been applied.

"What makes it so dark?" asked Dandy.

"The door has blown together and I cannot get it open," said Frisky, with a scared little bark.

"Push hard," said Dandy.

Frisky pushed with all his might, but it would not give an inch. "I never can get it open," he whined.

"Then I shall always have to stay in here,"

said Dandy, with a sorrowful mew; and he thought with terror of the morrow when the cruel man would probably come and pull his tail, and make him yowl that the folks might hear.

"Frisky," he said, — and his voice had a far-away and husky sound, — "I am afraid that I shall never see you again; but you might run home and tell master, and perhaps he would rescue me."

"I'll do my best," said Frisky. "Good-by, Dandy; you are the best cat friend that I have got; I do not know what I shall do without you."

"Good-by," replied Dandy; "give my love to the cats that I like, and tell them all to keep away from this horrible place."

The door by which they had entered was shut tight, and Frisky could not return that way; but he was a very wise little dog, and so he trotted down-stairs into the vestry. There he found a low window, and one strong bound carried him through a pane of glass and on to the pavement. Once out in the open air, he started for home at such a pace that you could not have counted his jumps. People upon the street stepped one side as he galloped by with his head low, and running like a race-horse.

When he arrived home I was sound asleep, but his sharp bark under my bedroom window soon woke me. I was very tired; and remembering the night before when Frisky had gotten out of the barn, I was angry. "We have had

enough of this getting up at night and racing about," I thought. "I will put a stop to it at once." So I got up and dressed me, and went out.

Frisky came up to me, and began licking my boots, and saying in dog language, "Good old master." I thought that he was making excuses for getting out, so I took him roughly by the collar, and gave him a sound trouncing, and ended by tying him in the carriage-house. I then went to bed feeling that I had done my duty, but little knew that I had spoiled Dandy's chance of escaping from the growl-box.

The next day was as fair an Easter Sunday as I can remember. The sun was warm and bright, and earth seemed to take on a new beauty by way of celebrating our Lord's triumph over death and darkness.

Poor Frisky looked so mournful when I opened the barn-door, that I forgave him and untied his rope. Instead of going to the shed for his breakfast as usual, he started on a gallop out of the yard, and before I thought to call him, went round a corner and was out of sight. "What has got into the dog?" I said; "has he run away again?" When it was time to go to church he had not come back, so I went on without knowing where he was or what he was up to.

But in the beauty and gladness of the morning I soon forgot him, and did not think of him again until I reached the church.

"Mister," said the janitor to me, as I came up the steps, "you will have to keep that dog of yours at home; he has been hanging around the church doors all the morning, and I had to shut him in the cellar."

"I will take him home with me when service is over," I said, "and see that he does not bother you again."

When I entered, the choir was singing a very soft anthem, just as the angels must have sung while the Saviour was still sleeping in his cold tomb. Then the anthem grew loud and triumphant as the angel descended, and the stone was rolled away, and our Lord arose. When it ceased it was so still in the church that you could have heard a mouse squeak, if there had been one to squeak; but what the people did hear was a very distinct "Mew, mew," coming from, no one knew where. Every one looked astonished; and as the "Mew, mew," was repeated, there was a general smile. The minister, though, did not look amused; his face was stern, and he began to pray. "O Lord, we beseech Thee," — "Mew, mew," was heard again. The minister opened one eye, and looked down in the pulpit; but he quickly shut it, as he saw the people looking at him, and began his prayer again. "O Lord, we beseech Thee," — "Mew, mew, mew," and much louder and fiercer than before; and this time there was no mistaking the direction, — it was from the organ. The minister said "Amen" with a jerk, and

added with much dignity, "Will some one please remove that cat from the organ?"

The janitor at once opened the small door; and I could scarcely believe my eyes when out sprang Dandy, his tail bristling, and his eyes as big as silver dollars. Straight down the aisle he came, and as ill fortune would have it, saw me, and jumped into my lap. There he nestled down and went to sleep. I looked very shame-faced and guilty during that long service. When it was over I started hurriedly for the door. Every one looked suspiciously at me while I quickly descended to the cellar to get Master Frisky, hoping that I could escape without further notice. But again I was unlucky, for at the door I met the minister.

"Are those animals yours?" he asked, with more anger than becomes a preacher.

"They belong over my way," I replied, "and I will take them home."

"Well, tell their owner from me, that they will do better home than at church, breaking up the devotions of people who love the Lord and are trying to serve him."

I hurried home without stopping to hear more; and we looked anything but church-goers as we walked home together — the man, the dog, and the cat.

Dandy held his head very high, and would have nothing to say to poor Frisky, who was delighted to see him; but after trying once or twice to make friends, and getting his nose

clawed each time, he trotted along by my side, and said nothing further until we reached home.

When Dandy had drank some milk, and gotten rested from his long walk, he felt better, and then invited Frisky to come and lie with him on the piazza.

"I'm awful glad to see you," said Frisky. "I ran right home to master, and tried to tell him about the growl-box; but he would not hear me, and gave me a licking, and tied me up in the barn. As soon as I got loose I ran right over to help you, but the man would not let me in."

"You did?" asked Dandy, more pleasantly than he had spoken before.

"Yes, honest," said Frisky; "but did you see the poor cats in the growl-box?" he asked.

"It wasn't a growl-box at all," said Dandy; "there wasn't a dog or a cat in it, but it was awful dark and scarey."

"Didn't you hear the terrible noise?" asked Frisky.

"Yes; but it was not cats or dogs; I guess it was a storm; I could hear the wind howl, and thunder," said Dandy; "but it wasn't a growl-box."

"Well, I'm glad to get you back," said Frisky, rubbing up, "and I am glad you are safe." And the friends lay down together for a sun-bath.

CHAPTER IX.

DODO AND BENNIE.

I WAS sitting in my study reading a new book that had just come in by the morning mail. It was a very interesting story, and I was deep in its pages, when, as I paused to cut a leaf, I noticed a slight sniffing and scratching at the door. "Is that you, Frisky?" I asked. For answer came a short, sharp bark, which meant in dog language, "Yes, it is your doggie; let me in." I opened the door, and in trotted Master Frisky, grinning, and wagging his tail as was his way. I motioned him to lie down on the rug, and resumed my book; but soon he came and stood on his hind legs, and putting his fore paws on my knees began lapping my hand vigorously. This he would always do when he wanted something very badly, but I was deep in the story and did not notice him. Presently he slipped his nose under the bottom of the book, and with a quick upward motion sent it out of my hands on the floor.

"Here, you little rascal," I said, "what do you want?" For answer he lapped my hands very affectionately for a moment, and then got down and went to the door. I got up and opened it,

but it was apparent that he would not go out without me. So I put on my hat and followed, Master Frisky leading the way, out through the kitchen and shed to the carriage-house. He was all excitement now, and led me directly to one corner of the shed, and as plainly as a dog could, pointed out to me a most pitiful sight. There was my big white cat Dandy, crouched over a beautiful blue and white dove. The poor bird's eyes were large with fright and pain; and no wonder, for Dandy was slowly eating off one of its wings.

"You cruel thing," I cried, seizing the cat by the scruff of the neck and flinging him from me. The dove did not flutter when I took him up; he only crouched in my hand, but his little heart beat against my fingers with lightning rapidity.

I patted Master Frisky on the head, and told him that he was a good dog to tell me about the dove; and together we found a box for it, and made it a warm nest of hay. I bathed the mangled wing with warm water, and dressed it, and then left the poor dove and returned to my book.

Each morning and night, when I went to the barn to do the chores, I would wash and dress Bennie's hurt wing; and he was such a sensible, sociable little fellow, that I soon became very fond of him. After the first week the wings grew better very fast, and in three weeks' time they were all healed, but the poor dove

could not fly with them. He was in great danger of being caught again by Dandy, and but for the watchfulness of Master Frisky and myself this would have happened.

When I fed the hens I always took out a large spoonful of the dough for Bennie; and he was very jealous of them, and wanted me to feed him first. If I chanced to forget him, and was passing by his box with the dough-dish, he would set up such a scolding that I would come back and feed him. He would peck at me, by way of punishment for nearly forgetting him; but when he got the warm dough, he would coo contentedly.

It was in the early fall that Frisky and I rescued poor Bennie from the jaws of Dandy; and all through the winter his wings grew, and when spring came he could fly upon the shed and sun himself. One morning, I was sitting on the steps watching the birds and the chickens, when I noticed Bennie upon the carriage-house; and as I watched he rose in the air and flew away over the tree-tops and out of sight. I expected to see him return in a few minutes, but it was more than a week before I saw him again; and when he did appear he was not alone, for standing by his side on the carriage-house was a modest little gray lady dove, and they were cooing away in the most loving manner.

I made them a dove-cote with a chimney and a real door; and they took possession, and were

as proud and happy a dove family as I ever saw. We named the new comer Dodo, and for Bennie's sake, as well as her own, were very good to her.

Each morning they would fly upon the carriage-house to sun; and then Bennie would exhibit his plumage, and tell Dodo all of his thoughts. First he would spread his splendid tail to its greatest width, and march up and down, his breast flashing in the sunlight, and looking very proud. Then he would spread his wings and do the same thing; and finally he would spread both wings and tail, and strut up and down fairly ablaze with color. When Dodo had admired and praised his plumage enough, they would both fly away to their house, Dodo to set on the two white eggs that she had laid, and Bennie to keep watch and see that nothing disturbed her.

One day I noticed more commotion than usual in the cote, and so I climbed up to see what was the matter. I peeked in; and there were two little doves, queer looking things, without a sign of feathers, and with their mouths wide open. Dodo stood up just long enough to let me admire them, and then cuddled down to keep them warm. After this there was great activity in the house of the doves. Bennie was continually flying to and fro bringing worms and bugs for the squabs. No matter what the time of day, the slightest noise about the cote would send those two

mouths wide open, and anything dropped within disappeared as quickly as a nickel in the slot.

One Sunday morning before I had gotten up I was awakened by a great noise in the yard. The doves were scolding, the Sir Cock-a-doodle was ca-da-cuting in his deep voice, and Master Frisky was barking. I ran to the window and looked out, and at first could see nothing strange; but finally I looked up to the dove-cote, and there was Dandy peeking in at the door (with hungry eyes), while Bennie was darting at him savagely. I shouted, and he ran down the pole and hid under the barn.

It was an eventful day when Dodo and Bennie brought the children from the house and taught them to fly. The young doves were very much afraid, and would not venture for a long time. Bennie coaxed and coaxed, and would fly across to the limb of a tree a few feet away to show how easy it was, until at last one of them spread his wings and flopped across. But he flew too low; and instead of lighting upon the limb, he flopped and fluttered to the ground. As he did so a white figure shot out from the shed. "Dandy," I cried, "let the dove alone," and he went back. As soon as the doves learned to fly they thought it great sport, and would go about from shed to post, but always returned to the dove-cote.

Even now as I write, they are flying about in great glee; and Dodo and Bennie, the proudest mother and father, are watching them.

Now the older doves are talking together. Bennie is looking admiringly at Dodo and saying, "Love, love, love;" and she looks up and asks shyly, "Who, who, who?" and Bennie swells out his breast and replies, "You, you, you;" and thus runs the happy life of the dove family.

CHAPTER X.

DOG SIGNS AND DOG LANGUAGE.

I HAVE been a friend of the dogs for many years; and from much that I had seen long before I got Master Frisky, I had become convinced that they have a way of talking, — if not in real words, yet in signs, looks, and motions, that are quite as good as words.

After my acquaintance with Master Frisky began, I, of course, had more chances of studying dog language than I had before; so, in the course of time, I came to understand a great deal that went on among them, that would have escaped the notice of some people.

Some of the more common signs and signals I shall tell my readers, but other signs I have promised to keep secret; for, as Master Frisky says, if folks once knew the dog language, that would be an end of all their secrets. Here is one of the incidents that led me to think that the dogs had a language of their own.

I was sitting in the hammock, watching a flock of blackbirds that were in a big elm-tree; they were visiting and scolding away at the top of their voices. Presently I heard a patter on the sidewalk; and looking up, I saw Ned, Frisky's

particular friend, coming down the street with a bone in his mouth. He trotted into the yard; and after snuffing about for a moment, he seemed to make up his mind that Frisky was not at home, which was the case.

He laid his bone down on the lawn and looked longingly at it; but it was not for him, for after a few minutes he picked it up, and went and buried it in the garden. He then brought a stick from the woodshed and laid it on the lawn, and trotted off in the direction of home. "That is very queer," I said. "I will keep watch and see what happens."

After an hour or two Master Frisky came home covered with mud and very tired. He was trotting along, looking rather dejected, when he saw the stick. He went up and smelled of it, and gave a short, delighted bark, and then trotted with head up, to the corner of the garden, dug up the bone that Ned had buried there, and in less time than it takes to tell was lying by my side gnawing it. "Well, if that doesn't beat all," I said. The stick was a letter that Ned had left for Frisky; and if it had said upon it, "Dear Frisky, I have left a bone for you; it is buried in the north-west corner of the garden," the meaning would not have been plainer.

Now I will tell you some of the most common signs and signals in the language of the dogs.

For these signs they depend on their ears, eyes, mouth, paws, and tail; also barks, growls,

whines, and grunts are brought into their language. They also use sticks, stones, bones, and prints of their paws to tell their friends different things.

When one dog goes up to another, and sticks up both ears, and scratches with his hind feet, he means, "Let's play;" and directly you will see them go tearing away, chasing and tumbling over one another in the most excited manner.

When two dogs go up and snuff noses, and at the same time wag their tails, they mean, "Good -morning." When a dog sticks up both of his ears and stands perfectly still, he means "Hark! I thought I heard something;" and when he has located the sound, you will see him trot off to find what it is.

When a dog puts one ear up and the other down, he says, "It is very queer; I don't understand it at all." When a dog draws down his lips until his teeth show all the way around, and gleam white, he says, "Go away; I don't like you; take care, or I shall bite." But when he opens his mouth and shows his teeth, and at the same time wags his tail, he says, "I like you, let's be friends;" and then you almost expect him to laugh, he looks so good natured.

When a dog stands still, and holds up one paw, he says, "It is very interesting; I wonder what it can be." When he puts his tail between his legs, he says, "I am awfully afraid;" and if he is a timid dog, you will see him run.

When one dog starts out to call on another.

and does not find him at home, he leaves a stick near his kennel; that means, "I called on you to-day, but you were not at home." If he leaves two sticks, it means, "Come and see me to-morrow." If the dog cannot find a stick, he makes a great many tracks in the dirt that mean the same thing.

When a dog is going by his friend's house, and cannot stop, he will give one short bark, which means, "How are you?" and the dog will answer with two barks, that mean, "First-rate; how are you?"

If my young readers will watch the dogs at play, or as they trot soberly about on business, they will see them using all these signs, and many more that are most interesting; and if they are patient, and love them, they may learn many strange things about the life in dogtown.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEATH OF SNOW BAKER AND THE SENTENCE OF JIMMY.

SNOW BAKER was a big white cat, proud, complacent, and a great favorite with the Baker family, where he had his home.

His warmest friend and boon companion was Rollo. Rollo was not another cat, but a big black retriever, full of fun and spirits, and always ready for a lark.

This friendship between Snow and Rollo was often remarked upon by the dogs and cats of the neighborhood; for it is seldom that a cat and dog are as good friends as two cats or two dogs. But there was no mistaking the friendship of these two; for they would lie for hours upon the same mat, washing each other and carrying on pleasant conversation.

I have often seen them, when going by, lying upon the piazza together,— a pretty picture,— and a strong contrast was Snow's spotless white against the jet black of Rollo's shaggy coat.

They always shared their breakfast, eating from the same dish; and if either one was late the other would leave him his fair portion. If

the butcher gave Rollo a bone, he always saved a choice bit for Snow; and many a time the big white cat would come home with some dainty morsel, and going up to Rollo would rub fondly up against him and lay it between his feet.

Snow was the acknowledged lord of the cat community, and he ruled with an iron hand. His great size and long experience made him a terrible antagonist, and bold indeed was the cat that dared face him.

He had often put dogs of very good courage to flight; and among other peculiarities he cherished a strong dislike for Jimmy Brown, a neighbor's dog, and the two never spoke civilly or passed a kind word. Jimmy was a brindle bull-dog, not of a quarrelsome disposition, but of a quick temper. This quality in Jimmy, and Snow's hatred for him, led to the latter's undoing.

It happened this way. Jimmy had been calling upon some friends, and was going home by the Bakers' when he espied Snow upon the front porch. Snow at once arched his back, crooked his tail, and began spitting.

"What do you want, you old hunchback?" asked Jimmy.

"I'm not a hunchback," said Snow, stretching out his paw and extending the claws upon it to their full length, and shaking it at Jimmy. "Where have you been? Up street, playing with the new pups?"

At this direct insult Jimmy's mane bristled.

"No," he said with a growl, "I have not been playing with puppies; but if you will come out here I will play with a kitten."

Snow gave a bound, lighted on top of the gate-post, and glared down upon Jimmy, at the same time digging his claws into the post in his wrath.

"You are an impudent poodle," said Snow, spitting down at him.

"I am not a coward," growled Jimmy.

This was too much for Snow; and like a white fury, with claws extended, he sprang upon his enemy. No one ever knew just how it happened. Jimmy certainly did not have murder in his heart; but in less than three seconds Snow was lying on the sidewalk, gasping in his last agonies, while Jimmy stood over him growling savagely.

"You've killed me," said Snow piteously.

"Served you right," growled Jimmy.

Then Rollo came running from across the street; and seeing his dead friend, and Jimmy standing over his quivering form, he straightway rushed at him, and a battle began the like of which had not been seen for many a day in Dogtown, where Judge Major Hill kept such good order. Round and round they went, snapping, snarling, and biting, while the dust and leaves flew so that you could not have told one dog from the other; and very soon they were covered with blood and foam. It is quite pos-

sible that another life might have been taken on that eventful day in Dogtown had not Judge Hill happened along.

"Stop instantly!" he said, with a terrible growl, bounding between the foaming dogs and separating them by his sheer weight. "What does this mean?" asked the judge sternly.

"He killed Snow," said Rollo, gasping for breath.

"Served him right," growled Jimmy, glaring defiantly at his accuser.

"Dogs," said the judge most sternly, "this is a very serious affair, and one that I shall not treat lightly. I summon you all to appear at the courthouse to-morrow morning, when we will inquire into this sad case; and I assure you that I shall deal severely with those responsible for it."

Promptly at nine o'clock on the morning following the violent death of Snow the dog court convened to consider the case and deal out justice. The courtroom was an old ice-house back of my barn; and I had a good opportunity to observe the dogs without being seen, and to judge of the trial as it proceeded. First came Tom Hatch, the sheriff, a tall, lank greyhound, escorting Jimmy. Poor Jimmy looked ill at ease; his eyes were blood-shot, his head hung down, and he had quite a criminal look about him.

Next to the sheriff and his charge came Rollo, bringing the body of his dear, dead

friend in his mouth. Rollo had watched all night in the garden beside the grave of Snow, and then in the morning had dug up the cat and brought him to the trial as direct evidence.

Faithful Rollo and his charge were followed by Judge Major Hill and several of the older dogs, who looked very grave and stern, and talked in low, deep growls.

Master Frisky felt very sorry for Jimmy, and had been talking with a group of the younger dogs — trying to get them to ask the judge not to be too hard on poor Jimmy.

When all had arrived, the older dogs arranged themselves on one side of the building in a dignified row, with Judge Hill in their midst.

Rollo then laid Snow down in front of them; and after licking the dirt and blood off the dead cat, and looking fiercely at Jimmy the while, began what we would call the prosecution. He told of the many virtues of the great white cat, and of their long friendship, during which time they rarely quareled. He told how on coming in from the fields he heard a noise, and that he had discovered Jimmy in the very act of killing his friend, but had been too late to save him.

Some of the other dogs, who had seen the affair from a distance, told the same story; and the judge and the older dogs looked very sternly at Jimmy, who hung his head and was sullen.

At first he would say nothing in his own defense; but finally said that Snow had called him names, jumped on his back, and clawed

him. I could not get quite all that followed; but Master Frisky seemed to be interceding for Jimmy, for he went up to him and licked his face, and then stood in front of the judges for some time, wagging his tail. But these dignitaries only shook their heads gravely, and there the evidence seemed to end; for the older dogs considered the case for a time apart, and then returned to their old position. The tall sheriff escorted poor Jimmy up to Judge Hill and left him there. Jimmy cowered to the very ground under the looks of the judge, while all the dogs looked expectant.

I never knew just what the sentence was, but suddenly Jimmy raised his head and gave a most piteous howl; then putting his tail between his legs, ran out to the road and up the street as fast as his legs could carry him; and he was never the same after that day.

None of the dogs associated with him or spoke to him, and he slunk about as though he was afraid of his own shadow. At home he was cross, and ate very little. Finally he ceased going out by daylight at all, but was frequently seen skulking about at night.

I think the dogs were sorry for Jimmy; for he was not bad at heart, and had done some of them good turns. I frequently saw Master Frisky looking wistfully at him — as though he would like to be good to him had he dared.

One morning, some weeks after the trial, Jimmy was missed from his home, and no one

knew where he had gone. It was several days before he was discovered. Some section hands on the railroad nearby found his body in a deep cut, mangled and torn.

Poor Jimmy's troubles were over! Whether he had wearied of his disgrace and the life of a criminal and an exile, and went into the deep cut to end his misery, or whether it was an accident, no one could say; but from what I know of dog character, and from several incidents that have come under my observation, I am quite confident that the poor dog took his own life, and thus ended his dishonor in Dog-town.

CHAPTER XII.

MADAM CLUCK AND HER UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.

MADAM CLUCK was a cross old setting hen, as black as a coal, and as obstinate as she was good-looking. She had been setting for several days; but as it was late in the season, I did not put any eggs under her, so she took matters into her own hands and stole her nest, and try as I would I could not find it.

After this I saw little of her for a time; but when she did at last appear, she was clucking vigorously, and was closely followed by ten chickens. It was a fine brood of as bright-looking chicks as I had ever seen, but of all colors and kinds. I forgave her for stealing her nest, and rigged up a box for a coop, and put Madam Cluck into it, and the chicks all ran in after her, and hid under her wings; but I could still see some little yellow legs and bright eyes peeping out.

Having done everything I could for the old hen and her family, I left them considerably to themselves, but took pains to feed and count them three or four times a day. The very next morning after the appearance of Madam Cluck

and her brood, I was sitting on the piazza reading the morning paper, when, as I happened to glance up, I noticed a peculiar-shaped shadow moving rapidly across the lawn.

There was no object upon the lawn to make it, and for a second I was puzzled; and this hesitation did the mischief, for as the truth dawned upon me, I glanced up into the sky and a large hawk swooped down upon silent wings, snatched up a little chick but a few feet away from the coop, and flew rapidly away towards the woods.

Madam Cluck called to her chick, and beat her wings and head against the slats of her coop until she fell down senseless. I swung my paper and shouted, but it was of no use. Red Tail had too firm a hold upon his prize, and was too far away to be scared into dropping it. So while the pathetic peeps grew fainter and fainter, the hawk bore the chick far away, and it was never seen again.

Madam Cluck soon revived, and called her remaining nine chickens to her, and hid them under her wings for the rest of the day, they only coming out when I fed them, and then not going out of the coop.

For about a week after this occurrence, everything went well in the family of Madam Cluck. The children grew, and were very happy looking in the dirt for worms and bugs, and bathing in the dust that their mother had provided for them.

She was very particular about the dust-bath, for she knew it kept lice and other insects from them; and for all Madam Cluck was so cross, she was a very good mother, and dearly loved her children. One night, about a week after the visit of Red Tail, I was awakened by a great noise in the hen-coop.

Madam Cluck was flying about frantically, and the chicks were peeping at the top of their voices. I dressed hurriedly and went out. White-plume was after the chickens; he was an old skunk whom I imagined lived in a brush-heap back of the barn. I had seen Master Frisky chase him into this retreat several times, and almost get him by his bushy tail as he went in.

When I got to the coop the commotion had partly ceased, and no skunk was to be seen, but the odor was unmistakable. I put extra boards against the box, and went back to bed. The next day Madam Cluck and the chicks were very shy, and kept near the coop. There were but eight of them; and on going to the brush-heap, I found one pathetic yellow leg, and there was no mistaking the thief.

The next night I staked boards down around the coop, and set several traps, but in the morning everything was as I had left it. I was rather glad of this; for I hated to catch poor White-plume, who had to live in some way, and was merely getting a late supper; but I preferred that he should live on the worms

and slugs that ate the crops, as he usually did.

I had made the coop proof against White-plume, but had not thought of Sly-Boy. Sly-Boy was a weasel, who lived under the barn: and a very dangerous fellow he was, for he could kill hens as well as chickens when he chose to do so.

A few nights after the visit of White-plume, Sly-Boy came; and in the morning I picked up three dead chicks in the coop, and a fourth was missing. This left but four; and the distress of Madam Cluck, as she moved about among her rapidly-disappearing family, was truly sad.

I stopped up all of the cracks in the coop but one; and at that one I set a trap, and the next morning, to my surprise, found Sly-Boy in it. I treated him just as he had treated the chickens, and was glad to get rid of him. I hate to catch other dumb creatures; but the weasel is a destroyer, and he does not kill just to get food for himself.

Perhaps it was the stealing of the nest — a sin of the mother — that brought misfortune to the children; for certainly this was a most unfortunate family. It was only three days after the visit of Sly-Boy, that one of the remaining chickens strayed under the barn, where the long-tailed and long-whiskered family lived. He was soon spied by Charkey Nibbler, the oldest son of the rat family, and in a few minutes they were breakfasting on a tender young chicken.

This left but three chicks for Madam Cluck, and the poor hen was nearly heart-broken. After this she did not allow the children to go out of the coop for three days, without their first promising not to go beyond the sound of her cluck, and even then she called them back at the slightest noise. But no mother, however vigilant, could be proof against the gapes, which disease one of the remaining chicks soon fell a victim to.

Only a pair were left, one for each wing; and the old black hen cuddled them more closely than ever to her breast, and gave them all the love she used to give the whole ten.

The coming of great storms are things that not even man, with all his boasted knowledge, can stand against, much less a feeble black hen. So who could be blamed when one night there came a terrific shower that flooded the coop, drowning one of the chicks, and forcing the other to take refuge upon its mother's back. I found them in the morning huddled up in one corner of the coop, Madam Cluck knee deep in the water, and her one chicken high and dry upon her back.

After this experience with the coop, I turned them loose, and let them roam as they pleased over the place, thinking they could not fare worse than the brood had in the coop; and the black hen guarded this one chick as the apple of her eye. She followed it all day long with her warning curr, and at night she took it upon

her back on a low roost that the rats and the weasels might not get it. Together the black hen and the white chicken hunted grasshoppers and scratched for worms, while the summer came and went; and by the time of the first frosts Madam Cluck's wee chick was a fine rooster, much taller than his mother, and already getting vain of his plumage.

But all of this happened two years ago; and since that time the fame of Sir Cock-a-doodle, my white rooster, has gone abroad through the countryside, both as a winner of first prizes at the fairs, and a faithful guardian of the farmyard. Even now I can hear the strong beating of his wings against his great breast, closely followed by that long, shrill war-cry that is the envy of all poultry-yards for half a mile around.

Sir Cock-a-doodle is probably standing on the barnyard fence, proud and erect, perfect in form and plumage, sounding his note of defiance to the neighboring cocks, while the hens walk admiringly up and down, saying to one another, "Isn't he magnificent?" and, "Did you hear that last fine note?" Such is the pride and vanity of the farmyard fowls; but well, they have reason to be proud of Sir Cock-a-doodle.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW A POLITE DOG ENTERTAINS HIS FRIENDS.

THE other morning Dr. Hall came to see me; and, as usual in his walks about town, Ned accompanied him. The doctor is a friend of mine, and Ned is a great friend of Master Frisky's. He was in the orchard catching grasshoppers, — a favorite amusement of his puppy days; but his sharp eyes espied the doctor and Ned long before I did, and he ran with joyous barks to meet them.

Ned and he at once rubbed noses, which means in dog language, "How do you do?" and Master Frisky then took charge of his caller, and entertained him with so much ceremony that the doctor and I forgot our own visiting, and spent the time watching the dogs.

First Frisky led Ned very proudly to a new kennel that I had just built for him. The kennel was made like a small house, with sloping roof and a real door, which was always kept open in summer; but a dog could open and shut it in winter, and this kept his house warm.

Master Frisky paused in front of his kennel,

and with many wags of his tail invited Ned to try it, which he did, while his host lay outside. When Ned had lain in the comfortable house for a few minutes, he came out and stood at the side, as much as to say, "It is very nice; now you try it a while yourself."

To please his friend, Frisky went into the new house for a minute, but soon came out and showed Ned about the barn, which was a favorite playground of his.

Together they trotted side by side to the chicken coop, and looked in at the chickens. Next the pigs were called upon, and their acquaintance made through a crack in the pen; and finally they went to the stable. The cows shook their horns vigorously at Ned; but Master Frisky told him they were tied, and he did not mind.

The dove-cote, the corn-house, and the ice-house were all visited in turn; and finally, with much more cordiality than he had yet shown, Frisky led the way to the garden. Here Ned lay down upon the grass, while Frisky began to dig in the loose dirt.

Soon he uncovered a bone that I had seen the butcher give him only that morning; and after looking at it longingly, he stepped back, and with many wags of his tail, and a broad smile upon his funny little face, invited his friend to dinner.

Ned fairly laughed when he saw the fine bone, and at once began to gnaw it, while

Master Frisky stood by wagging his tail, enjoying his satisfaction keenly. When Ned had gnawed at the bone for some time, he got up and invited Frisky to take his turn at the breakfast.

Master Frisky, whose mouth had been watering while Ned was eating, chewed at the bone for a minute, and then, as Ned refused to eat more of his friend's dainty, carefully buried it, and smoothed the place off with his paws. The two friends then came and lay down on the piazza, and probably filled in the rest of their time with pleasant conversation about the happenings in Dogtown.

When it was time for them to go, Frisky was quite as cordial in taking leave of Ned as I was of the doctor; telling him in dog language to come and see him again, and many other polite things, some of which I did not understand.

Master Frisky stopped on the sidewalk, wagging his tail until they were out of sight; and when he was quite sure Ned would not see him, he trotted into the garden, dug up his bone, and buried it in a new place!

I laughed; and he came running to me with a queer expression upon his comical little face. It seemed to say, "Why, master, what are you laughing at? I thought it was too great a temptation for poor Ned to know where my nice bone was, and so I have buried it where he cannot find it."

CHAPTER XIV.

OBSTINATE DAN AND THE RED DRAGON.

OBSTINATE Dan was a pug, and a homely one at that — which is saying a good deal. His nose turned up so much that he could hardly see over it; he had a stump of a tail, short legs, and a very bad disposition. But his mistress, Aunt Polly, thought him the most beautiful dog in the world. Sometimes she would try to show me how wonderful he was.

"Dannie," she would say, "come here."

Dan would look at her out of one eye, and wink at me with the other; and then, instead of coming to his mistress, would start for the lounge. At which dear Aunt Polly would cry, "Go under the lounge, I mean." And then she would say to me delightedly, "Don't you see how well Dannie minds?"

I saw, but said nothing.

Kind Aunt Polly lived in the little house nearest the railroad track; and as Dan's kennel was in the front yard, he was nearer to the track than any other dog in town — a fact that he secretly prided himself upon. But at the same time, he was afraid of the trains; and whenever they went by he would bristle up and

growl in his deepest tones. But more than all the other trains put together, Dan feared the Red Dragon. This was a long, slow freight that went through at nine o'clock in the evening — about the time that Dan was taking his first nap; and to be roused up every night, and to stay awake until it had thundered past, was more than his bad temper could endure, and many were the threats that he made among the dogs against the Red Dragon.

Big Ben, an old coon dog who was often out at night, said that all the trains that went along after dark were red dragons; but this Dan stoutly denied, and as he lived so near the track the dogs were in doubt which to believe.

One evening four or five of the friends were standing on the railroad track, talking about things of interest in Dogtown, when Master Frisky, who was standing with one paw upon a rail, said, "The Red Dragon is coming."

"No, it isn't," said Dan stoutly; "it isn't time for it. And, besides, I can't see the big red eye."

"Put your paw on this rail and see if you feel anything," said Frisky. All of the dogs did as they were told, and had a queer feeling in their legs. "Now listen to the rail," said Frisky. The dogs listened, and could hear a queer snapping in the rail every little while. "That's the Red Dragon," said Frisky again.

"No, it isn't," said Dan as stubbornly as before.

"Look there," cried Ned.

Far down the track — at least a mile away — was the bright headlight of the Red Dragon, steadily growing bigger and brighter.

"The hateful thing!" said Dan with a snarl. "I would like to bite it."

"You hadn't better," said Ned. "A dog was killed not far from here last week because he was on the track."

"It wasn't the Red Dragon that killed him," said Dan. "He is a coward; for when I growl he always goes by faster."

"We had better be getting off the track," said Frisky.

And all of the dogs but Dan went and stood under a tree to watch the Red Dragon go by. Dan still stood upon the track growling. On came the long, heavy train, rumbling and thundering, its one red eye gleaming fiercely, while a shower of sparks was streaming from its funnel.

"Get off the track, Dan!" cried all of the dogs with excited barks.

"I won't!" said Dan with a deep growl.

"Get off, get off, get off!" said the big bell that swung backward and forward on the engine.

"I won't!" said Dan with a deep growl.

"Get off!" said the big bell again.

And the hoarse whistle cried, —

"Quick, quick, quick!"

"I won't!" growled Dan again, but at the same time starting to edge off the track.

He was too late, for the great train had struck him. There was a rush of air, a thunder of wheels, and a heavy thud; and poor, obstinate Dan was lying twenty feet away under a tree, quivering and gasping for breath, with the blood streaming from his nose and mouth, and with a terrible gash in his head.

The dogs all ran to his assistance, lapped his wounds, and spoke to him; but he did not move or answer.

Just then Aunt Polly came running out.

"Oh, Dannie, Dannie!" she cried, "they have killed you!"

She picked him up in her arms, and carried him into the house, and laid him tenderly on the best sofa, and then sent for the dog doctor.

When he saw poor Dan he shook his head.

"I am afraid he will die," he said; "but I will do what I can for him."

So he bathed his wounds and sewed up his head. This was very painful, for he used a sharp needle and took several stitches.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Dan while he was doing it, "if I ever get well I will do as people tell me."

In spite of the doctor's predictions, Dan grew steadily better, until at the end of three weeks he was well enough to be moved out on the piazza, where several of the dogs came to see him. They were very good to him, and did not remind him that they had told him better.

In a couple of months he was nearly as well

as ever; but he always had a little limp in one hind leg, and that bad scar on his head. But in other ways he was a changed dog. His obstinacy had entirely disappeared; and instead of disagreeing with everything and everybody, he was very agreeable and social.

The dogs were quick to notice it, and tried to help him.

"How pleasant Dan is!" said Master Frisky to Ned one day. "I don't understand it. Let's not call him Obstinate Dan any more, for he is not obstinate."

"All right," said Ned; "let's tell all of the dogs about it."

And from that day he was never called Obstinate Dan again; but when the dogs saw how kind and obliging he had grown, they gave him another name, which he bears to this day. It is Clever Dan; and if a dog is in trouble, he can find no better friend and comforter than Clever Dan.

CHAPTER XV.

OLD SPOT AND MASTER FRISKY.

THE strangest of all the friendships among the dogs was that of Old Spot and Master Frisky. Spot was an aged hound, as deaf as a post, and partly blind. He was a homely old fellow, with long, drooping ears, a solemn expression, and a tail that curled over his back in a perfect circle.

It was he who taught Master Frisky mice-hunting and frog-hunting; and Frisky, in time, learned of the old hound most of that woodcraft that he had patiently gathered in many years.

One morning I went to the garden for some vegetables, and seeing Spot and Master Frisky in the orchard, paused to find out what they were up to. Old Spot was standing perfectly still in the grass, upon all-fours, as a dog usually stands; but Master Frisky was standing on his hind legs, resting his forepaws upon Spot's shoulder, looking intently now in this direction and now in that.

Presently he gave a sharp bark, and the two dogs started through the grass running at the top of their speed, Frisky leading. But soon they stopped, and after nosing around for a

minute, seemed to find what they were after, and then lay down together.

I walked quickly to them, and saw that Old Spot was eating a field-mouse. Frisky did not like them at first, but he soon learned to. When the mouse had been eaten, they took their station as before to watch the grass, until some movement in it should tell them that a mouse was stirring. Quite frequently they were fooled; for, on going to the place where the grass had stirred, they would find a hop-toad or a snake, or nothing but a grasshopper.

Frog-hunting was for a long time a mystery to me. I would see Frisky and Old Spot go off in the morning, and perhaps not return until night; but when they did come back, they were covered with mud and very tired.

One day I took my telescope and followed at a distance, determined to find out, if possible, what they could find to do in the swamps. They started straight for a distant swamp, Spot leading, until they came to a ditch. Here they lay down in the grass, and looked intently into the reeds and lily pads that I knew fringed the edge of the ditch.

Suddenly Frisky gave his short, sharp bark, that even deaf Old Spot could hear, and both dogs dove into the water, and when they came out, Spot was holding a bullfrog by the hind leg.

My astonishment was too great for words; but it was still greater when, after offering him

to Master Frisky, Old Spot lay down in the grass, and began munching down the poor frog.

I had seen enough, and so returned home, thinking, as I went, of the manner in which the big fish eat the little ones in this hungry world.

Dogs have almost as many kinds of out-door games as children, and it is very interesting to watch them at these sports. Spot was too old and stiff to take an active part in any of the running and jumping games, but he always attended, and sometimes acted as referee; but he liked best to be a spectator, that he might cheer for his friend, Master Frisky, when he was lucky enough to beat. When Frisky won the high jump over the front gate, Spot's joy knew no bounds; and he tore about like a wild dog, barking in his hoarse voice.

In the winter when there is a hard crust, it is great sport for the dogs to play tag. Then you will see them racing about like mad. When the dog that is tagging gets near enough to put his nose on the other dog's back, he gives a short bark, and then the dog that is touched, must tag till he can touch another in the same manner.

When there is a soft snow, they play, "Keep the Path," a game similar to children's "Fox and Geese." One of the older dogs marks out a runway of curious pattern, and they all run in it, one of the number chasing. It is against

the rules to step out of the path; and when a dog is caught, he must chase until he catches another.

In the running games none of the others equalled Tom Hatch, the sheriff, who was a lank greyhound, and the swiftest dog that I have ever seen.

If you have never observed the dogs, do so, sometime in the winter, and watch them play these games, and you will be surprised to see them playing the same games, day after day, with as much interest as children.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO DOGS GO FROGGING, BUT DO SOMETHING BETTER.

ONE bright May morning, about the middle of the month, when the air was fragrant with the scent of the swamp-pink, and a few early buttercups fringed the roadway, Old Spot and Master Frisky started for the swamp for frogs, and who should they meet upon the way but Dolly and Dot.

"Oh, there is Master Frisky," cried both of the little girls at once, when they saw him. "Let's pet him." So Master Frisky ran up and stood very still while they patted his head and stroked his long, soft coat. The little girls thought everything of him; for he was always good to them and did not scare them with deep growls, or tear their skirts with his teeth, as some of the other dogs did.

Dolly and Dot were twins; and they looked so much alike, that even their own mother was not always sure which was which.

This morning they had on some new pink and white dresses, bright stockings, and new shoes that their father had gotten them the day before, and each also wore the cutest little

white sunbonnet with lace upon it. They were the prettiest little girls in the whole town, and not spoiled a bit by their beauty.

They were carrying a big basket between them, and they were going to the swamp to pick cowslips for their mother. When they all reached the swamp, the two dogs left the little girls to pick cowslips, while they went where the ditch was broad and deep to look for frogs.

When they had found a place that suited Old Spot, they lay down in the grass and kept very still for a long time watching the water. By and by the biggest green old bull-frog that Master Frisky had ever seen, poked his head up from under a lily pad and looked about him. The sunlight made him wink and blink, and he bobbed up and down, and looked very queer.

At a signal from Spot, both dogs dove for him, but quick as a flash he disappeared; and although Master Frisky kept his head under the water until he sputtered and choked, he could see nothing of him; and, finally, they came out dripping and panting. They had hardly shaken themselves, when up he popped again, winking and blinking; and, looking straight at them, he said in the plainest of frog language, "Got wet, got wet."

This was more than the dogs could stand, and so they both dove for him again; but he disappeared as quickly as before. When they

came out again, and sat upon the bank to rest, he poked his head up once more, and croaked, "Got wet, got wet."

"What does he say?" asked Old Spot.

"He says we got wet," replied Frisky.

"The old rascal," said Spot with a growl, "we will teach him a lesson; let's make believe go off." So they started away through the grass, barking as they went, that the old frog might hear them. But they went only a short distance, and then crept back very still, and lay quiet in the grass.

Soon the old frog came up again; and, thinking that the dogs were gone, he hopped out upon a log to sun himself and catch flies. Presently mother frog came out too; and father frog told her how he had fooled the dogs, and they both had a good laugh over it. Old Spot was just about to give the signal to spring, when Master Frisky heard a cry that made his breath come quick.

It was, "Oh, Dolly! come and help me; I's drowning."

"Quick, Spot, quick," cried Master Frisky, in his sharp bark; and the friends set off through the grass at a gallop.

Poor Dot had found a fine yellow cowslip upon the bank of the ditch where the water was quite deep, and, in leaning over to pick it, had fallen head first into the water. Dolly ran as fast as she could, and reached down her hand to her sister; but she leaned too far, and with

a scream and a splash, she, too, went into the water just as the dogs came racing up.

In they plunged, and each grabbed a little girl by her sash; but the bank was quite steep, and the water deep, so it was a terrible pull to get them out; but the dogs strained and tugged, and the little girls caught at the long grass, and finally Master Frisky got Dolly upon the bank.

He then went to the assistance of Old Spot, who stood on his hind legs, pushing Dot as far up the bank as possible. Frisky got hold of her dress, and pulled and tugged until finally she, too, was safe. Then Dolly hugged and kissed her lots, and they both hugged the dogs.

Dot said, "Dolly, I's so glad the water didn't get you."

"And I's glad the water didn't get you," replied Dolly.

They were all covered with dirty water, and their new dresses were spoiled; but they were so glad that they were safe, that they did not care.

"I don't want to pick cowslips any more," said Dolly.

"Nor I," said Dot; "let's go home."

So they took the basket between them, and started for home, the dogs trotting along by their side.

When they reached home, and told their mother how they had fallen into the water, and that the dogs had saved them, she took them both in her lap, and hugged and kissed them

a great deal. And you may be sure that she petted the dogs, and told them, "Good dogs," over and over again. Then she put on her hat, and, with Dollie and Dot and the two dogs, came over to tell me all about it. I knew that something uncommon had happened by the way Master Frisky leaped about and barked; but Old Spot was very dignified as usual.

"What do you think," said their mother to me, as soon as she could speak, for she had hurried so that she was all out of breath, "my dear little girls fell into the ditch this morning, and these brave dogs rescued them."

"Pulled us both out with their teeth, and didn't hurt a bit," said the twins in chorus.

I was much astonished and very pleased; for I loved Dolly and Dot, and at the same time, was glad to have the dogs do them so good a turn. So I patted them both and said, "Good dogs," until they looked proud enough to burst. Then the little girls went home, but soon came back bringing a fine hambone that they gave the dogs.

Master Frisky and Old Spot lay under the elm-tree for a long time, gnawing their bone and talking.

"What a fine day we have had," said Frisky.

"That's so," said Spot; "I am so glad that we happened along when we did. What a terrible thing it would have been if they had been drowned!"

"I wonder what became of the old frog," said Frisky.

"Why, I had forgotten all about him," said Spot, "and I don't much care. It's lots more fun to save little girls, like Dolly and Dot, than it is to hunt frogs."

"That is so," said Frisky, "this is the best day that we have ever had together;" and the friends munched away at their bone with much satisfaction.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRAY-BRUSH.

GRAY-BRUSH was a squirrel, and the cleverest member of the Gray-brush family that I have ever seen. I found him one day during a walk down in the pasture, under an oak. He had probably had a bad fall and hurt his back, something that rarely happens to a squirrel, for he was vainly trying to climb the trunk of the oak. He was using only his forepaws, while his hind legs were limp and useless under him, and his brush, that a squirrel usually carries saucily cocked over one shoulder, lay limp upon the ground.

I picked him up carefully; but he squirmed and bit at me savagely, and showed all of that distrust that the wild creature usually has for man. But when he found that I did not intend to hurt him, he became quiet, and I carried him home in my hat. I found an old squirrel-cage in the garret, and put Gray-brush in it, after which I bathed his back in arnica, and gave him corn and buckwheat. But he ate little for the first day or two, and would not eat at all when I was watching him. After a while, when I would happen around, I would

find that he had been nibbling at his breakfast, or that he had hidden it somewhere in his cage.

Master Frisky did not know what to make of Gray-brush. I do not think that he had ever seen a squirrel before; anyway, he had not seen one so near. It was not a kitten, for the tail was too large and bushy; it was not a pup, of course, because he would know a pup at once; and what it was he didn't know.

Gray-brush grew better very fast under my care, and in a couple of weeks he was entirely well. Then he would sit perfectly erect upon his hind legs, with his tail gracefully balanced over one shoulder, and hold a nut between his forepaws and eat it. Around and around the nut would turn, while his sharp teeth dropped shavings from the shuck into the bottom of the cage. And when he had gnawed through to the fine meat, he would eat it with great relish, and then throw the shuck away.

When he had finished his breakfast, he would take his morning run on the wheel. It was not much like scurrying through the tree-tops, and the poor little fellow thought with regret of the sweet woods with the great trees to run upon. But, like the rest of the squirrel family, he believed in making the best of what he had; and so he would jump upon the wheel and make it spin around until all you could see was a dim and indistinct circle. When he got tired of scampering away so fast, and never getting anywhere, he would spring from the wheel, and

stand on the bottom of his cage twitching his tail over his back and looking at us with his bright eyes. Sometimes when he got very lonely and longed for the woods, oh, so much! he would sing his forest song, keeping time with twitches of his tail and patting of his paws:

"Chitter, chitter, chee, up in a tree,
Chitter, chitter, chee, wild and free,
Chitter, chitter, chee, follow me."

Master Frisky looked very much astonished the first time he heard this song; but he soon learned to expect it, and even listen for Gray-brush's cheery song of the woods.

When he was tired of this chatter that his mother had taught him so long ago, he would sit up and look straight at us and bark. His bark sounded quite like that of a little dog, only it was not so loud. And so with eating nuts and running his wheel, barking and chattering, and singing his forest song, Gray-brush passed away the time as best he could. But he thought very often of his brothers and sisters, of his old father and mother, and of his many cousins, all of whom thought him dead except his mother, who still said that he would some day come back to them.

"Oh, dear!" sighed poor Gray-brush, springing from his wheel to the bottom of his cage, one summer morning, "I do hate this old cage, it is so hot and stuffy and small. Oh, I wish I was free, and out in the woods!"

"What! would you rather be in the woods than in that fine cage?" asked Frisky, who was lying on the grass near by.

"Would I?" said Gray-brush scornfully; "I would as soon die as to stay in this cage all summer."

Frisky looked very much surprised. He had never imagined but what Gray-brush was contented and happy, he was so cheerful and good-natured.

"Why," he said, "here you get a fine breakfast every morning, and in the woods you cannot always find nuts. Besides, here you are safe, and in the woods there are all sorts of dangers."

"I know it," said Gray-brush; "but it is not something to eat that I care for; the woods are my home, there I can run and be wild and free; but here I can only mope, and break my heart at last, for no one of my people was ever kept in a cage but he died of homesickness at the end."

"That is very queer," said Frisky; "I should think that you would like to have a kind master like ours, one who would feed you and keep your cage clean and nice."

"You would!" said Gray-brush contemptuously. "How would you like to be shut up in a box like this, and never go outside, while all of the other dogs were running about having a fine time?"

"I would not like it at all," said Frisky; "and if they did that to me I would gnaw off the slats and run away."

"That is what I would do if I could," said Gray-brush; "but you see these bars are so hard that I cannot gnaw them without breaking my teeth, and all the inside of my cage is just the same."

"Why did you let my master get you?" asked Frisky.

"I was hurt," said Gray-brush. "I fell from a tall tree when I was running very fast to get some medicine for my poor father. He was awful sick, and I am afraid that he is dead by this time. I was going to get him some bark from the spotted osier for his rheumatism."

"Have you a mother, too?" asked Frisky with interest.

"Oh, yes," said Gray-brush, "and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and cousins, and I would like to see them all so much."

Poor Gray-brush wiped a tear from the corner of his eye with his tail, and then sat up very straight, that Frisky might not see what he had done.

"I wish you could see them all," said Frisky, sympathetically; "but I would hate to have you leave us, you are so cunning, and I like you very much."

"I think your master would let me go if he knew how much I longed for the woods, don't you?" asked Gray-brush.

"I don't know," said Frisky, rather doubtfully. "He is good to every one, and perhaps he might; but you see he does not know, be-

cause we animals can't talk to folks as we can to each other."

"That is just the trouble," said Gray-brush pathetically; "and so I will have to stay here and die, like all the rest of the captive squirrels, just because people don't understand."

Frisky looked troubled, but said, "I would help you, Gray-brush, if I could."

"Would you?" asked the squirrel eagerly.

"Of course I would," said Frisky.

"Then just turn that button on the cage door with your paw."

"I am afraid master would not like to have me do that," said Frisky. "I guess it would be wicked."

"You say that he would let me go if he knew how much I wanted to," said Gray-brush; "and besides you said that you would help me if you could."

Frisky looked doubtfully, first at my study windows, and then at the cage door.

"Please do,' said Gray-brush again. "I do want to go so much." The little fellow was crowding at the cage door, and panting with eagerness, his eyes big with excitement and longing. "Oh, do, Frisky," he sobbed, "and I will love you all my life."

Frisky reached up with his forepaw and turned the button. Gray-brush pushed against the door and it swung open, and with a whisk of his tail and a patter of small feet, he was gone along the stone wall that led to the woods.

But directly, from a distant orchard, came back the cheerful song of the squirrel family:

> "Chitter, chitter, chee, up in a tree,
> Chitter, chitter, chee, wild and free,
> Chitter, chitter, chee, come with me."

And the song was so full of joy and gladness, that Frisky was glad that he had turned the button, although he half expected a licking for it.

That evening, when I went to feed Gray-brush, I found his cage door wide open, and the little fellow gone.

"Where is Gray-brush?" I asked of Frisky, who was looking mournfully into the cage. And he looked so guilty that I was sure he had let him out, but he fell to licking my feet so affectionately that I forgave him.

"It's no matter," I said; "his home is in the woods, and there he should be."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

GOOD-BY TO MASTER FRISKY.

It was a glorious Christmas morning, the sun was warm and bright, and the new snow lay white and sparkling upon the ground.

The chickadee and the snow-bird were singing away with might and main, children were drawing their sleds in the street, and all was joy and gladness.

I stood at my study window looking out, and enjoying the beauty of the old earth.

But presently I turned from the fair scene before me, and began looking at a painting on the wall. It was that marvelous picture of the sleeping shepherds of Bethany. There was the bright ladder of light upon which angels were descending to earth, and the child in the manger, and over its strange crib the wonderful star.

My heart grew warm as I looked, and thought of all that the birth of that child meant to us.

I was wondering how that young mother felt as she held the Saviour of the world to her breast, when I was conscious of a pathetic little wail, half whine and half bark, beneath the window.

"Is that you, Frisky?" I cried, springing to the window, with some misgiving as to the outcry. But my worst fears were not as bad as what met my eyes.

There beneath the window, limp upon the snow, with his fore paws on the banking, as though imploring help of me, and with blood streaming from a dozen wounds, was Master Frisky. His eyes were so blinded with tears, that he did not see me, and he was breathing with quick sobs, each like a last breath.

"Oh, Frisky!" I cried, "they have killed you." In a minute I was by his side, lifting him tenderly in my arms, heedless of the blood that freely stained my best suit.

I carried him into the house, closely followed by big Mike Maloney, who had come running up, gun in hand.

"Oh mister," cried tender-hearted Mike, with tears in his eyes, "I did it, but I wouldn't for the world if I had known. The sun blinded me, and I thought he was a fox."

"You great simpleton," I cried, "run for the dog doctor at once;" and poor Mike started at the top of his speed.

I got some warm water and a sponge, and washed the blood from Frisky's eyes and nose that he might see and breathe better; but he could only gasp and sob like a sick child. You may think it queer that a dog should sob, but they do when in great pain.

Poor Frisky lay panting and sobbing while

I sponged and soothed him until the doctor came. Together we gave him whisky and milk, with a big spoon; and he revived enough to lick my hand, and bump the floor once with his tail; but he was very weak, and hardly noticed us. After looking him over carefully, the doctor shook his head. "He will die," he said. "He has lost so much blood that he cannot rally."

"He shall not die," I cried in great wrath; "he is my only pet, and I will save him."

The doctor smiled. "Well, perhaps you may," he said, "but I doubt it. If he were mine I would kill him and put him out of misery."

I got a box and put it in the kitchen, close to my bedroom door, and day and night I tended Master Frisky. All that loving hands could do, I did for him; but he was so weak that I often despaired, and thought that the doctor was right after all.

I fed him whisky and milk, and sponged his burning nose and lips with cold water, and made him as comfortable as possible. When I had been fussing over him, I always felt well repaid when he licked my hand, and gave the edge of the box one thump with his tail.

He was often out of his head; for he would start up and growl savagely, or bark excitedly when there was nothing about.

That afternoon I was standing by the window, when Ned, Master Frisky's particular

friend, came trotting into the yard. He noticed the track in the snow, and the blood, and became very much excited. When he found the place where Frisky had lain upon the snow under my window, he threw up his head and gave a pitiful howl, and then started out of the yard, running like a mad dog.

Down the street he went until he reached the first house where there was a dog, then into the yard he dashed, and repeated his howl. Out again, and so on until he made the entire round of the village.

I do not know just what Ned told the dogs, but in less than five minutes there were at least a dozen of them in the yard. Each new comer went up and snuffed the blood spots on the snow, and then with a sorrowful air joined the sober looking group by the woodshed.

They were not frolicking or barking, but were silent and expectant; and when a pup among them started to bark at a passerby, Old Spot shook him roughly.

Presently Ned came in; and after stopping a minute with the dogs in the woodshed, he went to the kitchen door, and began whining and scratching. Thinking that he might disturb Master Frisky, I let him in. He went to the box, and lapped Frisky's face. He seemed to be saying by his laps, "Oh Frisky, Frisky, don't you know me; it is Ned, your friend Ned, please speak to me." At last Ned began to jump about and whine, and then Frisky

thumped the box once with his tail, and a look of joy and relief came into Ned's face. He gave his friend a good kiss, and went out to tell the other dogs that Master Frisky was not dead, but terribly wounded. Then they all trotted off home, a sorrowful looking lot.

There was very little going on in dogtown for the next week. The old dogs gathered at their accustomed places and talked in deep growls or whispers, and even the pups seemed to understand the grief that lay heavy upon dogtown.

But Ned did not go when the others did; he came back and scratched at the door. I let him in again; and he took up his station by Frisky's box, and did not leave it until I sent him home in the evening. In the morning when I got up I found him lying on the mat by the kitchen door, and on hearing me he scratched to be let in. And so it was every day. No matter how early I arose I would always find Ned at the door, waiting.

When once in the house he would lie down by Frisky, where he would remain all day, only moving when I came to attend to his friend.

For about a week poor Frisky seemed to have a high fever. He would moan and toss about in his box, and sometimes bark and growl as though he was having a bad dream.

Ned had a worried, anxious look, and he grew poor every day.

At last Frisky fell into a deep sleep; and when I felt his nose it was moist and cool, and I was more hopeful.

For two days he slept; and on the morning of the third, when I began to think that he would never wake, I heard a funny little bark, and then a joyous loud bark from Ned. I went to see what was up; and there was Master Frisky raised upon his fore paws in the box, and Ned was lapping his face vigorously, and looking as delighted as a dog could.

I went up to Master Frisky, and sat down upon the floor; and he laid his head upon my knee, and put his paw confidentially in my hand just as he had done the day when I bought him. I patted and hugged him gently, for he was still very weak.

There was a lump in my throat, and several tears ran down my cheek in spite of me.

You may say, "How foolish! He was only a dog, and not worth crying over." Well, perhaps so; but some dogs are very human, and this one had somehow gotten into a very snug corner of my heart. How many a time when I had been feeling lonely and discouraged, he had come and snuggled under my arm, and put his nose into my hand, and with his soft tongue caressed away my care, or diverted me with his foolish pranks.

Ned was as much overjoyed as I was. I patted his head, and told him that he was a faithful dog; and he bumped the floor with his

tail again and again. But he soon went away to tell the others the good news.

It was an eventful day in dogtown when I carried Master Frisky's box upon the piazza, and several of his friends came to see him. Ned was very jealous of their attention, and would not let them stay long lest they should tire Frisky; and he took it upon himself to lie close to the box, and receive the company.

After that, when it was warm, I carried the box every day upon the piazza, and Master Frisky got well very fast.

When he was quite well, except for a slight limp in one of his hind legs, which I think he will always have, a great meeting of the dogs was held in his honor; and he received many bones from his dog friends as marks of their esteem.

Then they had games and sports, and ended by giving three cheers for Master Frisky, the cheers being a chorus of glad barks.

But all of these things happened some time ago; and Frisky is now five years old, and more grave and dignified than he used to be. He has been about so much with me that he has learned many of the ways of folks; and all of the new things that he finds out, he tells the other dogs. Whenever there is anything strange that the other dogs do not understand, they bring it to Master Frisky; and he can usually explain it, although his explanations are not always like those his master would give.

He is my friend and constant companion, following me about like a shadow, and many pleasant walks we have together.

Even now as I write, he is lying upon the floor beside me, with his paw confidentially across my foot. And occasionally he will lick my boot to express the love in his warm dog heart.

If my reader has any doubt as to the truth of these stories, let him visit Master Frisky and me in the dreamy old town of Elmwood. You will know the place by the broad street and the big elms; and once here I will tell you many more stories of dogtown, even more wonderful than these, and best of all I will show you the real Master Frisky.